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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Country along the line of the Detroit & Bay City R.R.--The Agricultural taking the Place of the Lumberman--The Stock Farms of Bay County--Herefords and Holstein-Friesians Supplanting the Scrab.

The section of country traversed by the Bay City branch of the Michigan Central railroad, between Detroit and Bay City, is probably as well calculated to furnish an object lesson in the history of the State as any which could be selected.

Leaving Detroit and running through the flat lands which are found in this section of Wayne County, thence to the lighter lands of Southern Macomb, with its fine farms, through one of the richest portions of Oakland Co., which lies between Rochester and Oxford, with its rolling land, beautiful lakes, fine orchards, well stocked farms, we reach Lapeer, where the soil is of mixed character, and the heavy pine forests which once covered it were mixed with hardwood, and the lands change from a loamy sand to a stiff clay, with nearly all varieties of soil intervening. Then comes eastern Genesee, where remains of lumbering camps are yet to be seen slowly decaying, and the farmer is diligently at work clearing up farms and building homes in what was lately a wilderness. Between Columbus and Otter Lake, two well built towns, the former so graphically described a week ago by "Old Genesee," we see acres of bare pine ruins by fire, while on the margin of those forbidding woods can be found as finely cultivated farms and as pleasant homes as one could wish for. Here and there stands an old mill, silent, with nothing but piles of sawdust and slabs to tell of its former activity. Then we come to Tuscola County, where the forests are yet in the ascendancy except where the settlers have hewed out sites of such activity, bustling places as Millington and Vassar. Here also the agriculturist is surely extending his sway, and pushing back the forest to make room for farms, and grain is becoming the staple product instead of lumber. The work of clearing off these farms must be laborious and costly, but it is proceeding with great rapidity when the obstacles to be encountered are considered. At Reese we enter upon the level lands of the great Saginaw Valley, and soon reach Bay City, with its broad streets, well paved, clean, and built up with stately business blocks and handsome residences. That city has many points of resemblance to Detroit, and its citizens are showing both enterprise and good taste in the manner in which they are building up and beautifying it. A ride out Central Avenue will put a resident of Detroit in mind of Woodward Avenue, in its beautiful shade trees, fine residences and the handsome grounds surrounding them. This avenue runs along a public park of 20 acres, which is being improved so that in a few years it will be one of the points of interest for all visitors, as well as a constant source of pleasure to residents.

But the object of our visit was not to see the city but rather the country surrounding it, and on Tuesday morning there had assembled at the wholesale grocery house of Merrill & Fife a number of gentlemen who were interested more or less in agriculture and stock-breeding, who were ready for a day's outing and a visit to some of the farms in the vicinity. Among the party were the two partners, H. P. Merrill and Eugene Fife, Mr. Chaffield, President of the Bay County Agricultural Society, Judge Marston, who divides his allegiance between Detroit and Bay City, Wm. Westover, banker, lumberman and farmer (he carries on the two former to enable him to pay the bills of the latter), E. R. Phillips, now at the head of the Bay County Milk Association, Mr. A. McDonald, lawyer and farmer, who thinks he can afford to farm as long as his practice is good, Mr. Ingorsoll, a

business man who is suspected of having some agricultural leanings, but is too modest to mention them, John Welch, once a leading citizen of East Saginaw, but who seems to be thoroughly at home in Bay City, lumberman and farmer, with a taste for Herefords and a good roadster, Mr. Cliff, banker, and last but not least, Mr. Samuel J. Tomlinson, formerly of Lapeer, afterwards of Detroit, newspaper man, who once controlled the Detroit Journal, and is now the owner of the Bay City Tribune, and the scribe who represents the FARMER when a quiet man is wanted who can listen rather than talk. The latter picture will be recognized at a glance. When the carriages were all loaded up the procession was put under command of Field Marshall Merrill, and it started across one of those fine iron swing bridges which span the Saginaw, and connect West Bay City with Bay City proper. Thence the route was out one of those famous stone roads which have been of incalculable benefit to the business of Bay City and the farmers who live about them. The farm of Merrill & Fife was first reached, and here the party found something worth looking in the magnificent lot of Herefords which have made their owners famous among the stock-breeders of the country. The herd now consists of about 60 head of all ages, one 40 head having been sold since January. The two stock bulls, Tom Wilton 25297, and Clarence 29295, are in fine shape, the latter having broadened out and matured within the past year until he is a grand specimen of the breed. His back and loin are wonderful, and through the heart he could not be better. Behind he is exceptionally strong, his twist being let down nearly to his heels, and he stands as square on his feet as a steer. His calves are very even, and a bull calf three months old, out of the famous Greenhorn, and sired by him, is a model. Tom Wilton never looked better, and as he is now in his matured form he fills the eye and presents the appearance of a typical beef animal. There are some young heifers in the herd from him which, if put in the show ring, will neither disgrace him nor their breeders. The cows were all at pasture, the young calves running with them, and when they were driven up in a bunch, were as fine a sight as the most enthusiastic Hereford man could wish for. There was lovely smooth and handsome as ever; Greenhorn, with a wealth of flesh and as smooth as when a yearling. But we cannot particularize, as nearly every one would have to be mentioned. It is only right to say, however, that we believe there is not a herd of Herefords in the Union which can show as many good ones for its numbers, as can this one. And the young things are in every way worthy of the herd. It shows that Michigan, with equal chances, can grow as fine cattle as we are to be found in the world.

Here we noticed a field of drilled corn, which is intended for a silo. The silo is to be built in one of the barns, a bay being utilized for the purpose. The corn is doing finely although the season is later than usual.

The route was then down to the Kaw-kaw-lin River; opposite the town of that name, and on the banks of which, some two miles, is the farm of Mr. McDonnell. The party did not have time to visit it, but turned east along the bank, struck another of the stone roads and landed safely in the grove surrounding Judge Marston's residence at Riverside. The day was warm, but the Jersey milk was both rich and cool. A few minutes' rest was taken, and then the party started for the pasture to see the herd of Jerseys which are the most important part of the farm. The Judge is changing the breeding of the cows so as to have them in the early fall, and thus be in good shape for the production of butter when it is bringing the best price. Hence most of

his breeding cows are well along in calf at present, but still giving milk. The herd consists of nearly 50 head of all ages, and it was a pleasure for the writer to see the younger ones, which he remembers as calves, show up so well in their matured form. Only one of the heifers has turned out rather a poor dairy cow, and the Judge attributes this to not breeding her until nearly three years old. She is a handsome, smooth cow, and would be selected by many as a good animal on that account, but she puts her feed into flesh rather than milk, and is therefore not a success as a butter-maker. The herd is in fine shape, not an ailing animal in it, and what is still more important, has always proved a source of profit to its owner. It is very few men who keep a herd of cattle for the pleasure they afford him, who can say this. But we attribute the judge's success to what Americans call "good luck," and those who visit Riverside will learn just where he got it. But the farm is not all sand. The additional land purchased since farming operations were begun is of excellent quality, and the corn and oats now growing are looking well. The Judge has expended considerable money in clearing the land of stumps, perhaps more per acre than it would sell for. The work has been thoroughly done, however, and is nearly completed. Considerable underdrainage has also been done, and the farm is well situated for this purpose, as the Kaw-kaw-lin River furnishes a good outlet for surplus water. The bull now at the head of this herd of Jerseys is a handsome one--solid color, neatly finished, and a very autocratic fellow--he thinks the farm belongs to him, and the visitors do not feel inclined to dispute his claims. The calves from him so far are nicely marked, with beautiful heads, and very promising. The dinner bell put an end to further investigations, and apparently struck a sympathetic chord in the breasts of the party.

The next stopping place was the farm of Wm. Westover, which lies directly out Central Avenue, on one of the stone roads. On this farm the Holstein-Friesian is the favorite. Mr. Westover has recently sold a pair interest in this herd to a bright Oakland County boy, Mr. Seelye, whose father has been breeding Holstein-Friesians for some years in partnership with Mr. Tousey. He is giving the herd that attention so much needed, and which Mr. Westover's business interests did not give him time for. The foundation cows, Rosa Bonheur and Coquette, are probably as fine animals as there are in the country, and some heifers from them are in the herd. From these Mr. Seelye proposes to build up a herd which will be a credit to the breed. He has an excellent chance to do so with the grand cows now in the herd, and we shall watch the young man's progress with much interest.

It was the intention to visit a number of other farms, but some of the members of the party were recalled to business unexpectedly, and Judge Marston had to leave for Detroit in answer to repeated telegrams, and exchange the pleasures of Riverside for the worry of the law.

RING waste is being imported and admitted into the country at the same duty rate as old woolen rags. Now, we have not imported one single invoice of the latter in twenty-one years, but, on the contrary, necessity has compelled us to open an agency in England, where we have sent hundreds of bales of American woolen rags, and the same have come back to us made into cloth.--U. S. Economist. How do the duds, who think there is nothing good in the shape of woolens except what is imported, like this statement?

ROWLAND G. HAZARD, the well known Rhode Island woolen manufacturer, died at his home in Peace Dale, R. I., on Sunday, June 24, aged eighty-seven years.

NOTES FROM THE FARM.

Harvesting began here as early as the 5th on the early varieties, such as Fultz and Velvet Chaff, and has continued uninterruptedly since Monday noon. The early part of that day was rainy, but faded off so that harvesters were clanging in every direction by the middle of the afternoon. Wheat will all be in shock and some drawn in, if the weather continues fair the remainder of the week. The crop is fully up to the average of good years, and the quality is excellent. Clawson is fast losing its popularity, and is being supplanted by Velvet Chaff and Australian White. The milling qualities of these two kinds are equal to any white wheat ever grown. I noticed that the millers in convention last winter at Grand Rapids, again uttered a protest against Clawson as a milling wheat, and added Fultz to the list of banner varieties. Farmers, I think, ought to consider such opinions as having weight, and make every effort to raise the standard of white wheat flour by growing such kinds as will stand the highest test. The reputation of the State for growing a high quality of white wheat can be sustained in no other way. Milling is the only sure test of value of a kind, and millers are the only judges. Farmers who have not been minutely informed have no adequate ideas of the exactness to which milling has been carried. Millers must all be experts in testing flour that goes on the general market. If it is not up to grade, off goes the profit. If every barrel will not stand inspection according to sample furnished by the dealer or sent by the miller, it must go in the next grade below, and receive the price for that grade. If wheat is purchased and ground, which is of such inferior quality as to lower the grade, it is a damage all around, both to the farmer as well as to the miller.

SALTED OATS AGAIN.

I have just come from the field of oats mentioned in last week's FARMER. It is nearly two weeks since my attention was first called to the experiment. To-day the dividing line can be found only by the stone on the fence corner, but when found a critical examination exposes the fact that the salted oats are farther advanced toward ripeness than the unsalted part of the field. But I believe there is no farther difference; the unsalted part being fully up in height, in density, and in development of head. It is fair to state that the salted part is the poorest in quality of soil, so that any variation that may appear in the yield can be considered in the light of this fact. Conclusions have been jumped at, with a basis for the opinion no clearer than the facts already set forth, but the determination is still fixed to carry the experiment to a final settlement. No person can tell to-day, or at any time while the crop is maturing, whether there are three to five bushels more or less in either part. But the crop is in good hands and although I have not consulted him about making his name public, I will venture to risk his modesty and say Mr. E. B. Welch is the man to whom the public will be indebted for this experiment, which will answer the question so far as this one experiment goes as to the value of salt in agriculture. There is already one mark in its favor. While other fields were scattering dust with the wind from their surfaces, the particles in this field lay perfectly quiet--the earth kept too moist to allow the wind to get hold of it. I still adhere to the theory expressed in last FARMER, to account for the very unlike appearance at my first visit, and the status of the growing crop this morning strengthens my position; but I shall faithfully record the outcome whatever it is.

INSECT PESTS.

Who has seen any indication of the ravages of the Hessian Fly this year? I have

not seen a crinkled straw yet, but cut-worms have never made such havoc with crops before. Early sown millet has in several instances been swept clean from the ground. They have at last taken to themselves wings and are hiding in every crevice bidding their time to furnish us next year's supply. The seasons are so unlike--last season compared with this--that it is to be hoped that no such favorable opportunity will be given them to deposit their eggs again. A dried sprig of grass blade, or a stem of a plant, furnished brackets enough upon which last year's crop of moths hung their several sachets of promise, while not a green blade of volunteer wheat so necessary to the fly could be found for a resting place, and so one vast army of depredators perished, and the other survived even to the last one, seemingly. I suppose there can be vicissitudes of weather, such as will thwart the best laid plans of these waiting moths. A rainy spell in their incubating season, or unpropitious weather at egg laying time, if either has the effect to shorten the crop of cut-worms, would be quite gratifying to most people.

Where are the bumble bees? And consequently how will the clover blossoms become fertilized? The bees are certainly a short crop, and doubtless clover will be; but I shall not couple the one fact with the other, and say no bees no clover. If what clover there may be fills well, other insects must merit the good will of those who believe in their goodly offices. I don't believe nature cares to risk the chance of seed on such precarious grounds. Bumble-bees may sometime depart as suddenly as the tent caterpillar from our orchards but we shall have clover seed nevertheless. A. C. G.

OUR illustration in this issue is a beautiful picture of Nierops Netherland No. 1421 H. F. H. B., calved June 8th, 1885. His sire is the famous bull Netherland Duke, 1571 H. H. B., who is the son of Lady Netherland 1263 H. H. B., who was one of the original foundation stock from which have grown the entire Netherland family. She is also the dam of Netherland Prince, Prince of Edam 1076 H. H. B. is his grand sire; he was a great prize winner, being a beautiful bull. On the side of his dam, Nierops Netherland is equally well backed. Nierops was sold at auction for \$630 cash, at the closing sale of Carey R. Smith, at Iowa City, and went to New York State. She was one of the handsomest animals in the herd as well as best milkers, having milked 60 lbs. in one day on grass. Nierops Netherland looks considerably like his dam, being fine in handling, of good length and size. He is a sure breeder of bright, healthy, active calves, and has the breeding and milking points to add to, standing and milking qualities to any herd in the northwest. Buchanan Brothers, 225 Dearborn Street, Chicago, advertise their entire herd for sale at auction. Nierops Netherland and many of his calves are included in the catalogue which they publish, and are pleased to mail to all who may write them.

W. L. GLESSNER, Commissioner of the Bureau of Immigration, writes under date of July 2d: "I desire to exhibit at your next State Fair a display of the agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources of the State of Georgia, and for that purpose would like to secure from 1,000 to 1,500 square feet of space in one of your halls. The exhibit will be put up in attractive style. It will be transported in a handsomely decorated cart built especially for this purpose. It is not our desire to enter for any premiums."

AUSTRALIA exported 22,379 bales of wool to the United States last year, the largest total ever shipped. The average of the past eighteen years has been 10,829 bales, and every pound of it has taken the place of a pound of American wool.

AMERICAN WOOL.

Where it is Grown, and the Relative Amounts of Various Grades Produced.

As the variety and quantities of each variety of wool grown in the United States are very frequently subjects of controversy, and, we may say, of the most surprising assertions on the part of those discussing the question of the value of the present tariff on wool to wool-growers, we give the following statement from J. R. Dodge, statistician of the Department of Agriculture, on these points.

The first of the three classes is clothing wool. This is the fleece of full-blood and grade Merino, of fine, short fiber, remarkable for its felting quality. These wools are prepared for manufacture by carding rather than combing. The highest type of this race, the registered thoroughbred, is found in Vermont, where breeding flocks are more numerous than elsewhere, and in considerable numbers in Western New York, Ohio and Michigan, and scattered through the western States.

The Merino type of wools prevails almost exclusively in the three States named, in Texas, and throughout the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast areas. Few sheep of other blood are found west of the Missouri River.

Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia furnish wool of the Merino type mainly. The seaboard States of New England also furnish some grade wools of this type.

The second class, the combing wool of the tariff classification, includes the medium and long wools of the English breeds, the Cotswold, Leicester, Lincoln, several families of Downs, and other breeds of long and coarse wool, also popularly known as the mutton breeds. These are few in number compared with the Merino type. Nearly all the sheep of the south, exclusive of Texas, are of this class, mostly descendants of the less improved English sheep of a hundred years ago, with occasional infusions of better blood from England, Canada, or the northern States. In Kentucky probably 99 per cent. are of the combing-wool class. A considerable proportion, too, are highly improved, giving to this State the reputation of having a larger proportion of high-quality mutton sheep than any other State.

In the vicinity of the Atlantic cities, from Maine to Virginia, sheep husbandry is principally lamb production, the males being Downs or other English breeds, and the ewes grades of both the Merino and the English types. This combination produces a mixed wool of a useful character. Then there are considerable numbers of the English breeds, though fewer than Merino, scattered through the western States, from Ohio to Kansas, and a still smaller proportion on the Pacific coast and in the Territories.

As to the third class, the carpet wools, they are represented in the United States only by the Mexican sheep, which are the foundation of a large proportion of the range flocks, but so improved by repeated crosses as to furnish wool of the Merino type, much of it of high grade.

It is also stated that the carpet-wool product of the United States is almost exclusively the fleece of sheep of Mexican origin, which are raised chiefly in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and certain other territories of the mountain region of the country situated between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope.

The imports of combing wool into the United States are chiefly English long wool, which enters into competition with the domestic or combing Merino wool produced in this country.

As to relative quantity of clothing, combing, and carpet wools, respectively, produced in the United States, Mr. James Lynch, of New York, a recognized authority on wool statistics, states, under date of September 23, 1887, as follows:

You want estimates on the respective amounts of clothing, combing and carpet wool in the United States' clip of 1888. If you will refer to my last annual circular you will find my estimate of the total wool clip of the United States to be as follows in pounds, viz:

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, and States east of the Mississippi, except lower Southern..... | 160,000,000 |
| California..... | 40,000,000 |
| Oregon and other Western States and Territories..... | 25,000,000 |
| Colorado and New Mexico..... | 20,000,000 |
| Texas..... | 30,000,000 |
| Georgia, Lake, and Southern..... | 10,000,000 |
| Total..... | 325,000,000 |

With the improved combing machinery now in use, nearly all of the first mentioned 160,000,000 pounds could be passed through the combs, and so also could a small portion of the 40,305,000 pounds of California, and perhaps five-eighths of the 50,000,000 pounds of Oregon and other States and Territories. A good deal of the 24,000,000 pounds of wool from Colorado and New Mexico can be combed, but very little use is made of it for that purpose. There is a small portion of the 24,000,000 pounds of Texas and the 16,000,000 pounds of Southern that could be combed, but hardly any of it is used.

All the wool can be used for clothing purposes, barring a trifling quantity of hairy and kempy, which comes chiefly from Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas.

It may be said that the coarse wool from any section may be used for carpets. No one has ever embarked in the business of growing carpet wool by itself, nor is there any likelihood of its ever being done. The classification of wools made by the

tariff of March 2, 1867, is of very little account in reference to domestic wool now, twenty years later. The combing wool of to-day is, in my opinion, mostly taken from wool of the Merino blood, "immediate or remote." In old times the combs required a four inch staple of strong wool, while now one and one-half inch staple is length enough, and the finest Merino can be spun into worsted yarn.

A considerable portion of the wool product of this country which, according to the tariff now in force, is classed as clothing wool has, by comparatively recent improvements in machinery, been rendered susceptible to the combing process, and thus has been utilized in the manufacture of worsted goods, embracing certain higher grades of wearing apparel, women's and children's dress goods, as well as fabrics for men's clothing. Such wools, though in the trade regarded as combing wools, under the terms of the revenue-law tariff, would be classed as clothing wools.

It will be seen that Mr. Dodge very clearly endorses what the MICHIGAN FARMER has repeatedly printed on this subject; and that the statement that all kinds of wool needed in manufacturing, can be, and are, grown in this country is correct, although from the improvement of the flocks, very little carpet wool is now produced, nor would it be worth while growing it, when higher grades can be produced. In this connection we may say that Frank Hurd and our worthy contemporary, the Adrian Press, may learn several things from this article if they will give it a little attention.

UNION FARMERS' CLUB PICNIC.

The Union Farmers' Club picnic at Eagle's Point, Jackson Co., on July 4th was well attended, members from nearly all the surrounding clubs being present. The Point is a pleasant resort, and Mr. Beach a most genial proprietor.

The meeting was called to order by W. E. Kennedy, President of the Liberty Club, who spoke of this as being a fitting way to observe the anniversary of our Nation's independence. The programme consisted of songs, essays and papers on "Kinds of rules needed for successful farming," from which we give the following extracts:

Mr. Gallup, of the South Jackson Club said: "We live in an age of progress and advancement, where competition is so sharp that it becomes necessary that we study our business very closely in order to obtain any degree of success. I am a firm believer in mixed or general farming. If a farmer makes a certain crop a specialty, and fails, the loss is greater than most of us can bear. Raise crops for which there is a ready market, and which are adapted to our soil, and we will be more apt to succeed in our business. And especially must we have a love for our calling and try to get the start which the experience of others furnishes.

"Order was Heaven's first law, and is applicable to farming as to the heavenly bodies. It should be a marked feature in all our operations on the farm. There should be order in laying out our fields, so they will be handy, and easy of access for the purposes for which they are wanted. There should be order in our sowing and in our reaping; order in the manner in which we live, that we may enjoy the fruits of our labor. There should be order in the construction of our houses and barns, that they be handy, neat and pleasant; order must be one of the main requisites of good, tasty and successful farming. Poor Richard said:

"If by the plow you would thrive,
You must either hold or drive."

And success in farming, as in any other business, depends largely on our energy. We must drive our business, and not let our business drive us. A celebrated painter on being asked how he mixed his colors replied, "I mix them with brains," and if we farmers would mix our business a little more with our brains, and study how to dispose of our produce as well as to raise it, it would help us amazingly."

Mr. Edwards, of the Liberty Club, said: "There are good rules and bad rules. I direct the farmer; some, if followed would lead to success, some to failure. A rule to be of any benefit, or that may solely be followed, must be founded on experience and experiment, and have passed the ordeal of an actual test. First, we must like our calling and be interested in our work and content with our lot; put your soul and mind into your business, as well as your money and the labor of your hands. If not interested we become discontented. Discontent brings idleness, neglect, disorder, etc., all of which are a hindrance to successful farming, and successful farming depends much on these rules. Second, work for demand and vote to secure such legislation as shall protect our industries and secure to us an equal percentage in our investment and labor with other occupations. We may have and carry out all the rules teaching us to keep up the fertility of the soil, prepare it for the seed, cultivate and gather the crop; yet without proper legislation and rules to regulate the price of our products, farming can not be made successful. It is not the amount we sell, but the price we get over the cost of production. Then is not a rule showing how to dispose of at a profit, and to secure just rights, and showing us our true position, just as necessary to success?" (Continued on eighth page.)

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Horticultural.

Causes of the Degeneration of Fruits.

Mr. O. B. Hildrew, in a paper read before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, thus treats the above subject:

The natural and artificial causes of the degeneration of fruits are but imperfectly understood, as many sorts are subject to many various conditions, such as the natural hardness or longevity of the variety, the influence of the soil and climate, the stimulating effects of liberal cultivation, and the mysterious influence of engrafting, both on stock and soil, which are all so clouded and obscure that we can neither comprehend nor explain them. Nevertheless, there are some facts that seem to throw a light on the subject. While perhaps it is utterly impossible to verify the causes that augment the degenerate tendencies of fruits, the facts are apparent, and although the evidence as to the cause is partially circumstantial it is yet unequivocal, and cannot well be set aside in communities where cultivation has been pursued for fifty years or more by "the art which does not mend nature."

The pear trees grown from seed which were planted by the earlier settlers of this country were of robust habit and growth, attaining large size and great age, and have outlived many generations of men, and while known as early as 1668, some are still alive. The pear is indigenous in sections of the temperate zone, flourishing as far north as 57°, and is grown in this country from the British Provinces to Mexico. In acclimating and growing the pear in a warmer climate its primitive habit of long life seems to lessen. Growers have abandoned planting the seeds from the original fruit, and have used the seeds of ungrafted fruits, which being more tender have bred into the pear tree a tendency to shorter life. Engrafting and high cultivation, and also growing in impoverished soil, each has an influence in the direction of degeneracy, and the trees are evidently tending to earlier fruit age and shorter life. The almost universal practice of propagating desirable sorts by grafting, or budding, has undoubtedly the tendency to gradually but surely work a serious injury to some fruit-bearing trees. The tendency of continuously planting the seed of improved sorts is very much the same as what is known among cattle-growers as "breeding in and in," which, if long continued in the same line is a sure and constant cause of degeneracy. Now, if the tree, from any cause, is losing its natural stamina and force, or becomes defective or diseased, the weakening of its natural functions very soon becomes manifest in the fruit.

The White Doyenne or St. Michael, in its day the glory of the pears, has now become wholly unworthy of cultivation. Sometimes it seems to recuperate in new countries and thrive in a virgin soil, but soon relapses into its normal condition. The Flemish Beauty is another illustration of degenerate tendency; it was brought into notice in 1834, and for many years was deemed one of the most valuable kinds, but it has now become unworthy of continued cultivation.

The catalogue of trees grown in the nursery of William Kennel in 1838, he being then one of the most prominent nurserymen in Massachusetts, contains in the class termed "old pears" twelve sorts, not one of which has been shown on the society's table for years. In the class of "new pears," containing eighty-seven sorts, we find only seventeen which are occasionally seen at our exhibitions and of those, only four, the Bartlett, Bosc, Seckel and Angouleme, are generally approved. In the list of new pears received in this country from Europe in the years 1834 to 1858, consisting of 140 varieties, which were tried and most of them shown on our tables within the past forty years, there are but two that are now considered worthy of cultivation.

In the catalogue of Prince's nursery at Flushing, N. Y., for the year 1859, designating by name 367 varieties, there are but thirteen that are now seen on our tables.

Then we are made aware that of the extensive variety of pears which were being brought into notice forty or fifty years ago—some 350 varieties—less than 20 are on our premium list for the present year, and 350 varieties have gone out of cultivation. In the meantime, many other sorts have been introduced, a considerable part of them seedlings of American origin, and out of this vast multitude, twenty-five varieties would be a large number to now estimate as worthy of the approval of this society.

It would be unfair to imply that all this very large number whose cultivation has been discontinued have degenerated. Doubtless many causes have had an influence—some were found poor growers; the fruit of many lacked the qualities essential in good pears; some seemed naturally disposed to blight and other disease; and many were unsuited to the soil and climate.

But it would appear (although difficult to prove) in regard to some sorts that were once esteemed for general cultivation, but have now degenerated, that the tree has already lived that time allotted by nature, and the existence of the fruit is only prolonged by nursing it in its enfeebled condition, or by engrafting on vigorous stocks. This process opens another phase of the question, how long fruits can be continued by grafting or budding.

But it can easily be demonstrated that the natural life of the original pear tree is longer than that of several generations of men, and the life of the fruit can be prolonged to an extent that we know not of. There was formerly an adage, "He who plants pears plants for his heirs," but now he who plants pear trees gathers a crop in a few years, and the trees mature and die before the heirs are born.

The apple, grown from seed planted by the early settlers, was cultivated as early as 1668, and in many instances proved long-lived, reaching the age of two hundred years or more. These trees attained great size and bore immense crops of natural fruit. The essayist stated that he knows of apple trees still bearing good crops that have every appearance of being 150 years old, and of grafted apple trees more than sixty years old that are still productive and unimpaired. He also knows of one orchard, set forty-five years ago, which has received high cultivation, that has become old and worthless, having no force to make healthy wood or bear fruit, and he has read that apple or-

chards in some of the northwestern States do not average more than twenty years in bearing.

The degeneration of the apple proceeds more slowly than that of the pear. Out of sixty varieties, mostly of American origin, cultivated fifty years ago, more than fifty are now grown and esteemed. It must be admitted that the apple is not only the most valuable fruit in this section of the country, but also long lived and manifesting few signs of decay. The Early Harvest and the Newton Pippin seem to be on the wane, and a few more are tending in that direction. On the other hand the Rhode Island Greening, known in cultivation for 150 years, is seemingly as good as ever, both in tree and fruit, and promises to last for a long time. The Costard, one of the oldest apples grown in England, was recorded in the thirteenth century.

Among fruits that were formerly plentiful, the peach offers the best example of degenerate tendencies, seeming less able to withstand the departure from its normal condition by engrafting and modern usage, and the effect of climate than do others of the fruits. In former years the peach was exclusively grown from the stone, and engrafting was not practiced; the trees were not only free from disease, but withstood the vicissitudes of climate and produced abundant crops; the ground within the memory of these present would be literally covered with luscious fruits, and the life of a peach tree was often fifty years, and by cutting back to the ground and allowing it to sprout, a much longer period. But when the nurseryman began to prolong the existence of approved varieties by budding, not many years elapsed before the loss of its original stamina and hardness became apparent, and by 1818 that destructive disease, the yellows, crept in, and was very soon found contagious. This disease has continued in the northern sections of the country, and consequently peach-growing, always precarious, now seems utterly ruined.

The question of degeneration seems fairly settled in the peach tree, and the fruit follows the tree, and varieties have become lost. The question naturally arises—can the peach be restored? Evidently not until the budded trees are thoroughly extirpated, root and branch, and we must resort to the custom of our ancestors, of growing from the seed, which should be procured from sources where disease is unknown in any form. We may then hope for another period of healthy trees and luscious fruit with a reasonable degree of certainty. Many varieties of peaches reproduce their like from the pit; the fixed strains should be encouraged, and painstaking cultivators could impregnate the blossoms with pollen of good sorts, and by saving the stones would increase their chances of success in producing new and desirable varieties.

The cherry and the plum do not manifest a tendency to degenerate; they seem to be more subject to injury from insect enemies than to any apparent decay. Varieties grown by the earlier cultivators are still esteemed, manifesting, even under the influence of repeated engrafting and artificial modes of cultivation, a decided tendency to long life. Methods of cultivation that seem to destroy the longevity of the pear and the peach apparently have little effect upon the cherry and plum, thus leaving the subject of degeneracy in these involved in considerable doubt.

Among the small fruits, the strawberry furnishes the best evidence of duration of life, which as nearly as can be ascertained, is about thirty years, although there are a few instances of longer duration, and some shorter. Of twenty sorts grown about fifty years ago, not one is known in cultivation, if we except the Alpine, which seems to be perpetual, as does also the wild native variety. Of fifty-one varieties grown in Prince's nursery in 1859, not one remains. The strawberry gradually becomes enfeebled and unproductive, and passes away, giving place to new and vigorous seedlings, which seem to be nature's mode of reproduction. Within the past forty years hundreds of varieties raised from seed have been brought into notice, and now are gone to give place to new seedlings, and but few now extensively grown have been known to cultivators for twenty years.

The raspberry, blackberry and currant are long-lived, and sorts that were grown as far as the memory of man runneth are as good as ever, other conditions being equal; but new seedlings are being constantly brought out, which have a tendency to replace the older ones. Yet the Antwerp, Franconia, Fastolf, Koever's and Northumberland raspberries, and a dozen others, are just as good as ever. Neither do the blackberries and currants give more evidence of degeneracy than can fairly be attributed to poor soil and cultivation.

Apple Tree Borer.

A recent bulletin issued by the Ohio Agricultural Station has the following information given in reference concerning the round headed apple tree borer.

The beetle is easily recognized by the brown color of its body and the two conspicuous longitudinal whitish stripes along its back. It appears early in summer and deposits its eggs on the tree trunks, in or under the bark, within a few inches of the ground, frequently placing them just above the soil surface, or even below it where the ground is cracked open so that the beetle can descend without difficulty. The insect makes a slit like opening in the bark into which the eggs are pushed. A few days later the egg hatches into the larva or grub, which gnaws its way into the inner bark or sapwood, where it continues to feed throughout the season.

As winter approaches it frequently burrows downward below the surface of the ground and rests there until spring, when it again works upward and gnaws the inner bark and sapwood as before. It rests again the following winter, and in spring gnaws its way deeper into the body of the trunk, cutting cylindrical channels in every direction. Late in summer it bores upward and outward to the bark, lining a cavity at the end of its burrow with dustlike castings and there rests until spring, when it changes to the dormant chrysalis state. The adult beetle emerges from the chrysalis about a fortnight later, eats a hole through the bark with its strong jaws and comes forth to continue the propagation of the species. Three years are required for the development of the insect. The place where the larva

enters may frequently be detected, especially in young trees, by the sawdust-like castings that are pushed out. They also may often be seen, and are easily destroyed by pressing on the bark surrounding them with a knife blade or some similar instrument. The presence of the larva is shown later by the discoloration of bark where it is at work. The full grown grub or larva of the round headed borer is about an inch long, wholly without feet, whitish, with a chestnut brown head and black jaws. The pupa or chrysalis is lighter colored than the larva, and has numerous small spines on its back.

The flat headed apple tree borer is an insect very different both in its adult and larval states from the one just discussed. The adult beetle instead of being cylindrical in form and brown in color, is flattened and greenish black. It appears, however, at about the same season as the other, and the life histories of the two species are in general all alike, the chief difference being that the present species requires less time to develop, and attacks the tree higher up, being found all the way up the trunk, and frequently in the larger branches. The eggs of this insect are deposited early in the summer in the crevices and under the scales of the bark, being fastened in place by a glutinous substance. In a few days the larva hatches and bores through the bark to the sapwood, in which it cuts broad flat channels, and sometimes completely girdles the tree. As it develops it bores further into the solid wood, and when fully grown approaches the surface. When ready to become a pupa it gnaws partially through the bark, and then gnaws its last larval skin. About a fortnight later the pupa changes to a beetle, which gnaws its way through the bark, and thus completes the cycle of development.

Fortunately the injuries not only of both of these borers, but also of the bark louse discussed, may be prevented by a single, easily applied remedy. It consists simply in applying late in May or early in June, and again about three weeks later, a strong solution of soft soap, to which has been added a little crude carbolic acid. This mixture may be conveniently made by mixing one quart of soft soap or about a pound of hard with two gallons of water, heating to boiling, and then adding a pint of crude carbolic acid. The solution should be thoroughly applied (a scrub brush is excellent for the purpose) to the trunk and larger branches of the tree. If the bark of the tree is especially rough it should be scraped before the wash is applied, and the soil should be smoothed down about the base of the trunk so that there will be no cracks for the insects to enter to deposit their eggs. Of course the object of this application is to prevent the laying of the eggs from which the grubs hatch. As an additional precaution it is well to examine the trees during the late summer and early autumn months for eggs and young grubs, which are readily detected, and can be easily destroyed with a knife. In this way one man can go over an orchard of 500 or more young trees in a day.

The soap and carbolic acid wash can also be successfully used in freeing trees infested with the apple tree bark louse, whose presence is detected by the presence of minute oyster shell-shaped scales on the bark of the limbs. If one of these scales be raised early in spring there will be found beneath it a mass of yellowish or whitish eggs, which hatch about the middle of May into small lice, which appear as mere specks to the naked eye. These move about over the bark a few days, when they fix themselves upon it, inserting their tiny beaks far enough to reach the sap. Here they continue to increase in size, and by the end of the season have secreted scaly coverings. As has been mentioned above the soap wash recommended for the prevention of borers also effectually destroys this pest. The mode and time of application for the two kinds of insects is the same.

Thinning Fruits.

The systematic thinning out of fruit has hardly received the attention it deserves, either at the hands of commercial growers or of amateurs. The former class particularly argue that in the case of large trees it is often impossible and that even when it can be done the time and labor expended bring no corresponding profit. I am inclined to think, however, that when intelligently practiced the thinning of fruit almost always pays and often pays large returns. In favorable seasons some varieties of fruits set far more than the trees can fully develop and mature. In such cases natural or artificial thinning must be resorted to in order to secure satisfactory results. The army of curculios, codling moths, birds and fungi assist in this matter with great energy, but generally with little discrimination. And yet without their aid it must be confessed that the fruit-grower would often find thinning an imperative duty.

If half the crop of apples, pears or peaches on a tree were removed those remaining would frequently aggregate as much in bulk as the whole would if allowed to remain, and would probably yield as much money, to say nothing of the diminished labor of handling. Again, well-grown fruit meets a readier sale. Such pears as the Seckel, which grow in clusters, can be thinned with decided benefit, and perhaps it is the small varieties generally that pay the best for thinning, as increase of size is more readily appreciated in the smaller kinds. Apples and pears which incline to cluster, even in twos, are generally more defective, by reason of insect depredation, than those borne singly. The Beurre Bosc is one of the latter kind and not prone to overbear, and if attacked by insects it is generally in the calyx. The Bartlett, when well set, is in pairs and triples, and the point of contact is generally the seat of insect operation. The early thinning of these clusters to single specimens, therefore, gives fairer and larger fruit for the trouble. On the other hand, Marie Louise has never borne for me a fine flavored specimen except on a light crop; on a full crop, even when severely thinned, they attain cooking qualities only, which is even more than I can say of the McIntosh. Indeed, it is yet an unsolved problem with me whether the lightest kind of a crop of the latter would give me specimens of tolerable table quality. Clairgeons are very prone to overbear here and thinning is an absolute necessity if their quality is to be brought above mediocrity.

Peaches can be fairly thinned by pruning the trees, which is the most feasible method. But when this is neglected and the trees are full set, the removal of half to two-thirds of the fruit, after the natural dropping is over, will be found beneficial, not only enhancing the size, quality and value of those remaining, but saving the tree from breaking down. With peaches it is size that tells, and the larger the peach the greater the proportion of flesh to stone. A friend in California writes that the peach trees there did not contain more than one-third as many as lay on the ground after the Chinamen had completed the work of thinning. With Chinese labor here, or his rate of wages, this question of profit in our large peach areas, with their enormous products, would still be a debatable one, and whether our markets would stand a sufficient advance in prices to compensate for the increased expense, is, to say the least, problematical.

Thinning strawberries is sometimes practiced to secure extraordinary berries for exhibition, but the only practical way to improve the quality of the crop is to thin the plants. If allowed to run in thick, matted rows they generally become too crowded for the best results, and many plants must, of necessity, become weak and unfruitful. No better evidence of this fact can be adduced than to compare the crop on plants grown in hills with the same number of plants in thick matted rows. The hill system means extra labor, it is true, but the improved quality of the crop will go far to compensate for it.

Pruning is also the best method of thinning and improving the quality of the grape crop. With judiciously pruned vines to start with, the after-thinning is simple and easy. All that is required is to rub off the superfluous buds and shoots. A vine producing twenty-five pounds of fruit in clusters of half a pound and upwards, would bring more money than one producing the same number of pounds in clusters of one-quarter of a pound each, give more satisfaction to the grower for home consumption, and save labor and time in gathering.

The sum of the matter is, that in most cases, larger, more beautiful and finer fruit can generally be raised when a very considerable portion of the sets are removed. Apples or peaches when crowded closely along a limb are no more able to obtain full development than beets or cabbages when set too closely in a row. It will generally pay to reduce the number of sets in some way. The exceptions in the case of pears, mentioned above, simply prove that some varieties will not respond to this treatment in some places. These facts the fruit-grower must learn by experience. The commercial grower raises fruit for the profit. He must study his market to know how far his gain from increased quality will warrant the increased expense of thinning. The amateur, who prides himself on fine specimens for exhibition, or for his table, does not stop to consider the financial side of the question. He simply takes the necessary steps to secure what he wants. His labor in this direction is often really a pastime, and if he does not reap his reward in his satisfaction from day to day he is pretty certain to do so when his crop matures. Those who have not studied and experimented in this field will be surprised to find that in many cases the very finest fruit is produced only after thinning has been carried on to an extent that would seem to the novice most extravagant.—E. Williams, in *Garden and Forest*.

Rare and Peculiar Apples.

Albemarle Pippin.—This appears to be the Newton Pippin of the east. It has succeeded admirably in the valleys of the mountain regions of Virginia, and growers there have been receiving this season \$4 per barrel for the fruit independent of the package. On the red lands this apple does not succeed, even in Virginia. This is a noble apple where the soil and climate are congenial, but it is quite fastidious and will not perfect its fruit over the country at large. It flourishes on the Hudson River and in some parts of Pennsylvania.

Sutton Beauty.—This is a valuable winter apple, with yellow skin striped with crimson. Quality very good. The tree is a strong grower. I think it originated in Massachusetts. I have often seen the fruit on exhibition, and it has always attracted attention.

The Stump apple is not so well known as it deserves. It originated near Rochester, N. Y., where it has a reputation for great beauty, productiveness and freedom from defects. I have seen trees loaded with the Stump apple, every one more beautiful than the wax specimens seen in show cases, none knotty, wormy or mis-shapen. I sent a package of these to Charles Downing, and he was delighted with them. In appearance it is something like the Chenango Strawberry, but more beautiful. This flesh is white and the quality good. It sprang up in an old partly decayed stump, where the seed had been dropped, and grew there until the stump disappeared, like a sapling in a barrel, hence its name.

Kentish Fill-Basket is the largest apple I have seen, and one of great beauty. I saw it first at the Rochester meeting of the American Pomological Society, where it overshadowed all others in size and beauty. It is an early winter variety, of English origin, sub-acid, excellent for cooking.

The Salome apple comes from Illinois, where it has been proved hardy, productive and a long keeper. It is of medium size, good form and comes into bearing early. It sticks well to the branches during heavy winds and has been known to keep for twelve months.

Fallwater is a very large, beautiful fruit, reddish on yellow skin, quality good, origin Pennsylvania, Ohio and parts of the west.

Rambo is an early winter apple, streaked with yellow and red, tender, juicy, rich sub-acid, excellent quality, succeeds nearly everywhere, except in the severe localities of the west. Sorts of Wine is a valuable late summer apple, medium size, dark red, fine white flesh, sub-acid and fine flavored. Fruit fair and showy. Rawley's Janet is hardly enough for the far west, mostly grown in Ohio. It blossoms late, hence escapes late frosts. Medium size, pale red, mild sub-acid, fine, crisp, juicy, a long keeper. Stark is a large, a triple apple, sub-acid, mild and good. A long keeper, origin Ohio.

If you are planting an apple orchard and are at a loss to know what varieties to select settle on Duchess and Wealthy for two of the most reliable the country over; Duchess for fall, Wealthy for winter.—Green's Fruit Grower.

FLORICULTURAL.

To keep the chickens out of the flower beds, stick short sticks four inches apart all over the beds and leave the tops from four to six inches above the surface of the ground. Chickens will not bother beds fixed in this manner.

ANY plants that have become sickly looking can often, by the aid of a few doses of nitrate of soda, be quickly brought to a perfect state of health again; but being very powerful in its action this must be used in small quantities, a piece about the size of a marble is large enough for a twelve inch pot. This fertilizer has also the effect of forcing plants on much more quickly than other manures, and is therefore valuable for assisting those that are naturally of slow growth.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Horticultural Times* says: "Upon a lawn which I recently noticed there was growing a large clump of white Petunias, completely covered with pure, sweet, white blossoms. The secret of their wonderful growth was simply a bottomless earthen pot, sunk into the earth and filled with old ship dirt and stable manure to within six inches of the top, the rest being filled with the earth taken from the ground where the pot was set. I never saw so large a growth on a plant, or such an abundance of bloom, and it kept its beauty till November."

The two greatest enemies to plants in pots are want of drainage and sour soil. Perhaps the one is the cause of the other. Many people do not see the necessity for drainage; they do not understand why careful gardeners put all those crocks in the bottom of a pot. In the same way the same people cannot see why farmers and gardeners go to the expense of putting in drains. One cause of sour soil is too large a pot; another is over-watering a plant, keeping the soil in an everlasting state of slop; still another is potting the plant in soil or compost which is too close and binding, and which does not allow the water to percolate through. Use as small pots as the roots will allow. Give too much drainage rather than too little. Once a year is often enough to repot.

The Gloxinia, says *Vick's Magazine*, is readily propagated both by cuttings and seeds. The former method is recommended as being best for amateurs, as the seeds are few and require care in sowing and during germination. Cuttings from the Gloxinia should be made during the hot weather if the plants are in the conservatory or living room, as later in the season they have a tendency to decay, doubtless from want of a proper degree of heat. Cuttings can be made in the greenhouse at any time with a prospect of success, and by treating the leaves as the florist does those of the Begonia Rex, a large stock of bulbs may be secured from the vials. It is well, however, for the amateur to confine experiments to the entire leaf or shoots, the latter, if taken from the bulb when about two or three inches in length are almost certain to strike root under favorable conditions of soil and temperature, if not kept too wet. The Gloxinia is positive on one point, it will not endure much water, except when in a thrifty, growing condition, and even then care must be taken to have the pots thoroughly drained. To increase the number of plants of any desirable variety or varieties, leaves of the same may be placed around the edge of a six or seven inch pot filled with sandy soil. The leaves should be cut with a stem of sufficient length to retain them in position when inserted in the earth, which must be pressed firmly around them and well watered, after which water should be used with care. If the leaves, after a few days, brighten up, looking green and fresh, continuing in this condition for a month or two, it is safe to conclude that bulbs are forming on the stems, which will make flowering plants for the following season. If, after three or four months, the green leaves dry up and look dead, and no shoot makes its appearance, don't lose all faith in raising Gloxinias from the leaf, and throw the contents of the jar, dead foliage and all, out of doors, for the chances are that down at the base of those dead leaves are good, thrifty bulbs in a dormant condition, only waiting the proper time for starting into growth.

Your House on Fire.

Not the house of wood, or brick, or stone, in which you live, but your body's tenement may be in terrible danger from smoldering fire which you make no effort to quench. The great danger from impure blood is that it debilitates the system, and the digestive organs grow weak and inactive. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the best kidney and liver invigorators, with the best alteratives and tonics, all from the vegetable kingdom, carefully and understandingly prepared in a concentrated form. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and tones up the system, giving the whole body vitality, and effectually guarding it against the attacks of disease.

Horticultural Items.

JUDGE MILLER says shade is necessary for the currant. A good crop cannot be secured, fully grown on an open space, unless the ground is deeply worked and then mulched. Judge Miller also says the gooseberry seems to do best in partial shade also.

PEARS must not be allowed to ripen on the tree. As soon as the stem will part from the tree readily the pears should be gathered. They will then keep for several days and bear shipping to a distant market, and will have a much better flavor than if allowed to ripen on the tree.

WHENEVER Mr. Dunbar, a noted fruit-grower of Maine, notices signs of black knot on his plum trees, he at once applies manure liberally. He does not recommend the manure as a cure, but says the growth it gives the tree enables it to withstand the ravages, and tends to check the disease.

Do not neglect your strawberry beds after picking. Clean out the weeds and mulch them. A good working, followed by a generous supply of manure, then a good coating of straw, applied within the next thirty days, will insure a good crop of berries next year. Next year's berries are formed this year.

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agents dispose of the crops in Eastern cities, selling them at auction. The fruit reaches the consumer in eight days after shipping.

A WATERMELON which has grown between two roots of a white oak is on exhibition at Albany, Ga. It presents the queer spectacle of a melon compressed in the centre to a remarkable thinness, and bulging out on each end where free from the compress of the roots to a full size.

A MINUTE black beetle, *Xyleborus pyri*, does a good deal of damage in some neighborhoods by tunnelling through and through the pear, apple and plum tree. It is especially partial to the pear. The affected twigs wilt and die. The best remedy is to cut and burn the diseased branches.

The plan of burning over strawberry beds as soon as the fruit is gathered, is becoming more popular every year. It is an easy way to dispose of the weeds and the mulch; it destroys a large number of insects and their eggs, and the new growth is usually free from all fungus diseases during the remainder of that season.

LEON, N. Y., is the great strawberry producing centre of the State. There are over 125 acres devoted to the culture of this fruit in that vicinity. Twenty thousand quarts have been picked in a single day. The most of the crop is consigned to New York city. The business is managed by an organization known as the "Strawberry Association," which represents the product of over eighty acres.

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Wallace Buck, of North Bloomfield, N. Y., suffered eleven years with a terrible varicose ulcer on his leg, so bad that he had to give up business. He was cured of the ulcer, and also of catarrh, by

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paper that all personal property will go in to the aid of authorities for the relief of the poor. His life is a story of self-sacrifice and devotion to his family, and that is about all that is known of him.

General.
The acreage of winter wheat in the United States is now estimated at 1,250,000 acres. Canada's public debt June 30 of the current year was \$281,321,555, an increase of \$1,133,211 within a year.

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A syndicate of oil men has purchased 160,000 acres of land in Wood County, Ohio, for the site of the oil producing territory, for \$120,000. The land has never been drilled, though the experts are as rich as any of the oil producing lands. It was originally bought for \$10,000, and was profitable farming land.

And now lawyers say there are doubts of the legality of the marriage of the Duke of Devonshire, who was recently married to Mrs. Hamersley, a wealthy widow of New York, by a Mayor Hewitt, and also by Rev. D. Foster. The question naturally arises what is the legal marriage in New York, England?

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At a recent public sale, a public-spirited citizen, and his native city has received a very generous benefaction.
A Fort Arthur sent to Glasgow, Scotland, and a name which is named after the city. To get the vessel through the canal it had to be cut in two, and was sent through in sections and put together at Glasgow. The ship is said to be the best of its kind in this country, and with its speed and capacity for rebuilding must be a great expense to the purchasers.

A fire will near Wecker, Ohio, which spread the village with gas for fuel and light, and was instantly ignited from a match. The burning furnace, melting the pipes, and confined the supply and permitting the gas to escape in great quantities. No one can be near enough to put out the flames, and the problem of how to extinguish it seems insurmountable.

It is stated that an agency to find employment for emigrants, has formed out not less than 200 poverty-stricken individuals in the New England States alone, providing them with situations where they work for almost nothing, the farmers getting the labor for \$10 and women for \$50 annually, and the men for \$100. The agency is said to be a very successful one, and the farmers are said to be very much benefited by the service.

Nassau, and the king has formally invoked the aid of authorities for the relief of the poor. His life is a story of self-sacrifice and devotion to his family, and that is about all that is known of him.

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Poetry.

THE ASSESSOR AND ASSESSED.

On the property possessor now the wicked old assessor
Stalks with watchful eye and stealthy, cat-like tread.
But the honest old p. soon lets the villain see
What a good thing 'tis to have a level head.
So he smiles on the assessor, does the property possessor,
And he bids him take a seat and rest awhile.
His look is mild and frank as the o. a. fills the blank
With an honest valuation on his pile.
"Have you stocks or bonds?" "Not any—
That is, that's worth a penny."
"No horses, cows, or sheep, or mules, or asses;
No dogs of either sex?" "Str, my wife won't let 'em vex her."
And so clean down the list he passes.
"Oh, that old pig is Josie's, and the cow is Uncle Moses's."
But if you want to, why, just put 'em down.
That dog? Oh, he's a stray Tom found the other day.
Some farmer lost him, I expect, in town.
"You won't take that old phonon, the one that John got beat out?
Wal, put her in, we'll say at fifteen dollars.
That crazy old planter? It belongs to sister Hanner.
"Taint hardly worth a box of paper collars."
"My watch? Two bought for gold, but then it's dreadful old."
I've tried to give the old thing to the boys.
The one that Kate carries? I reckon that is Harry's.
Her beau, that's him out in Illinois.
"Wal, yes, I guess that's fair," and then he takes a swag.
To the lies he told about his self and plunder
And the wicked old assessor leaves the property possessor
Thinking, "Can't some honest people be like this?"
—Indiana Journal.

Miscellaneous.

TWO SHIPS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two girls in the kitchen of a plain, old-fashioned house were busy sewing, the elder rapidly running a machine, the younger trimming a straw hat with odds and ends of ribbons, which she tried in vain to coax into some appearance of freshness.

"How does it look, Mattie?" she asked anxiously, holding it off a little, and slowly turning it around.

Mattie looked up from her machine without stopping its quick motion, turned one comprehensive glance upon the hat, and said, impulsively, "Like a last year's bird's nest."

"Oh, dear!" said Dolly, flushing all over her pretty, worried face, and tossing the poor little hat into a corner. "What is the use any way. We may as well give up and go to the poor house first as last."

"I'll never give up, first or last," said Mattie. "Somewhere and somehow I know there must be something better for us, and we are sure to find it sooner or later; but in the meantime I can't afford to waste any of my strength in pretending. Our clothes are old and shabby and dingy, and it's no use trying to make them look anything else."

Dolly gave a sigh that touched Mattie's heart. "Poor little Dolly! It's too bad for you; you're so sweet and pretty and patient. Just wait till my ship comes in."

"An' you shall be siller, An' wear a gold ring."

Dolly smiled faintly. "That was what father always said when we made anything. I used to believe in that ship as much as I believed in next year, and sometimes I indulge myself in dreaming about it now, and fancying what it will bring us."

Mattie set the last stitches with lips compressed, and began folding the coarse shirts on which she was working into a compact pile.

"Are they finished?" asked Dolly. "No; I'll sew on the buttons to-night; I'm going out to look for our ship."

Mattie put on a bad odor and more openly ugly than Dolly's, and walked down the street with her firm, rapid tread. Once she turned to look back at the small, brown house that was the only inheritance he, father had left to his wife and girls—a fortune that seemed indefinitely smaller now that the mother had gone, also, after a protracted sickness that had consumed the last dollar from the sale of the orchard and garden. The coarse sewing, with which the girls managed to keep soul and body together, was certainly better than nothing, and was considered a respectable resource; but, at best, it was working with starvation swinging a merciless lash over their heads.

She went where many a poor soul had gone with perplexities that seemed nobody's business—to the minister. No doubt in that penurious, poverty-stricken community the good man had perplexities of his own, but that only helped him to sympathize with other people, and few households held any secrets from him. The old housekeeper, knitting on the porch, welcomed Mattie kindly. The minister was away; "gone to South Adams to 'tend a funeral," but she was looking for him every minute.

Mattie went to the study, and turned wearily from the rows of solemn old books to find refreshment in the papers upon the table, that seemed so much more modern and human. There was a story that looked tempting with its spicy bits of conversation, but this was Chapter XX.

Then there was a sermon, an exposition of the Sunday-school lesson, letters from a traveler, answers to miscellaneous queries, household hints and economies, at which Mattie smiled grimly, with the feeling that she could open some depths of experience in that line herself, and at last a letter from a woman addressed to the editor, complaining that the world was out of joint and in need of regulating.

"So it is," thought Mattie, nodding assent as heartily as if the writer was sitting there in the leather-covered chair opposite her. As she read, her dark face flushed and her breath came more rapidly. Why, here was a woman in desperate need of help, and here was she, asking only the chance to help her, and they were but 20 miles apart.

But then, perhaps, the letter was just made up, and put in the paper; perhaps there was no Mrs. E. L. Howe; and at the thought Mattie threw down the paper and went to meet the minister, who was coming in at the gate. He smiled at her impatience, and seated himself very amiably to read the letter, which would never have attracted his notice. He smiled again when he looked up at her, and quite agreed with her that the writer was probably a fiction of somebody's brain, created to make forebode the undoubted truth that there were scores of women, with beautiful homes, whose wealth brought them nothing but bondage, because of the impossibility of obtaining the help of intelligent, dependable, care-taking servants; while there was a great multitude of women in need of homes, and driven to all manner of miserable makeshifts for a mere livelihood, who might, if they would, supply just this service, with mutual satisfaction and benefit. The problem was to bring them together.

"But if the letter were genuine, my child," asked the minister, "what then?" "Then," said Mattie, promptly, "I would write to the woman, and ask her to let me try. I should like nothing better than to be her housekeeper. I delight in housekeeping; I'm a born cook, and Dolly would be perfectly happy with two babies to cuddle and sew for."

The minister looked at her doubtfully. "I suspect it is only the rosy side of her work that this letter-writer describes; there must be a good many disagreeable things about the position of cook or nursery-maid."

"There are many disagreeable things about our present position," began Mattie, but stopped abruptly.

Not even to the minister would she have owned that they were actually pinched sometimes for suitable food.

"Do you think," she asked, hesitatingly, "there would be any impropriety in my writing to this lady to inquire?"

"Not in the least; I will forward your letter with a line to the editor. Why not write here?" he continued.

And with the promptness of desperation Mattie seized the venerable goosequill, with which alone the mini-trout thought it possible to write a sermon, and penned upon a great, square sheet a brief, ladylike letter. The minister's indorsement was also brief, to the effect that the writer was a sensible, practical, Christian girl, tolerably well educated, and would, in his estimation, be a benediction in a family such as that described in the communication signed Mrs. E. L. Howe. While he thought it more than probable that the case was a fictitious one, he felt sure that there were multitudes of women similarly situated, and the editor would be doing a good Christian work if he would put this young woman in communication with some one of them.

The joint letter found its way in due time to the sanctum of a puzzled and amused editor, who frowned and laughed alternately over its contents, half-disposed to toss it into the waste-basket, but finally put it in his pocket with a dozen other documents. It might have remained there indefinitely, for the editor was a young man, and had no personal interest in the domestic problem, but, during that day with his sister, his serene enjoyment was suddenly disturbed by a series of dull thumps upon the stairs, followed by piercing screams.

"There!" said Mrs. Lattimer, rushing away. "She's let the baby fall down stairs; I always said she'd kill it! I shall dismiss her the minute Fred gets back!" she panted, returning with the baby. "I never draw an easy breath except when the children are asleep."

"Oh, by the way, Florence," replied her brother, "I've got hold of a solution for all your domestic difficulties. Never say I'm not practical again. Here are two servants from a nursery-maid,—natives, sisters, capable, educated, warranted by the minister; what more could you ask?"

"Raymond, what on earth are you talking about?"

"It's all here, you can see for yourself. The fact is, I've been thinking a good deal about this labor question; and one evening I wrote a letter for the Journal, purporting to have come from Mrs. E. L. Howe, setting forth her troubles with servants, and appealing to the host of respectable, unemployed women for help."

"You miserable humbug! I read it with a sympathizing heart, and meant to write to her myself—our cases were so much alike—only I forgot it."

"Well, here comes a letter from a rustic maiden, who speaks for her sister and herself, and proposes to undertake the job. She's in serious earnest, too, and I'm quite impressed by her letter. Just read it."

Mrs. Lattimer read with a critical, not to say sceptical air.

"I'd sooner have Bridget with all her peppery temper. Deliver me from superior, I'm-as-good-as-you-are servants. I intend to be mistress in my house, and I want servants and not companions and friends."

"All right, you have my approval there; but I thought the trouble was you were not mistress. They obey just far enough to enable them to keep their places and draw their wages, and they have no conception of service. Now, if I were a housekeeper, I should try these girls; certainly you couldn't be worse off."

"If you were a housekeeper, you would do just as the rest of us do—bear the lily we know rather than tempt the unknown."

"Perhaps so; I'm profoundly thankful I'm not a woman, to go on doing a thing to all eternity because my grandmother did it before me, and my neighbors would think it 'so queer' of me to try any new way."

"What are you going to do about the letter. You really ought to answer it."

"So I shall. I shall tell the minister I have forwarded the letter to Mrs. E. L. Howe, who will correspond with him if she decides to pursue the matter."

If the editor's letter, proving that Mrs. E. L. Howe was no myth, created deep and profound excitement in the little circle of three, what can be said of the effect produced by a letter addressed to Miss Mattie Harper, offering to her and her sister service in the household of the writer, with wages and conditions very carefully specified?

To be sure, it was signed Mrs. Frederic Lattimer, but of course one would use a fictitious name in a paper. The letter was written in very plain terms; it said servants; and not "hired girls," which was supposed in Hingham to be a title of greater respect,

and stipulated that the engagement was only for a month of trial, at the end of which time, if Mrs. Lattimer was not pleased, she would pay their expenses home.

"I'll come pretty tough on you, Martha Harper, being looked down on as a servant," said the kind old housekeeper. "You won't have any 'solation with the family."

"I don't care to associate with the family; we don't associate with the men we make shirts for," said Mattie. "I shall have Dolly, and Dolly will have me, and we shall both have the babies. I don't think we shall care for much more."

It was only at Mattie's earnest entreaty that the minister forbore to accompany them to their new home.

"It would look as if we expected to be received as something more than we are," she said to Dolly. "And I want her to understand that all we ask is fair wages for fair work."

So they went alone. A smart-looking maid answered their ring at the door-bell, calculated their social standing at a glance, and left them in the hall while she went for her mistress. Presently the girl came back and conducted them to the kitchen. Mattie's eyes noted that the floor was unswept, the range greasy, and a pile of unwholesome-looking towels lay on the table; for Bridget had been gone a week, and a procession of supplies, each one worse than the last, had held brief possession of her kingdom.

"I am so glad it isn't a basement kitchen, and see what a nice large yard," she said to Dolly, whose eyes were ready to overflow. Something came clattering along the hall, and the door was pushed open to admit a beautiful boy of four, drawing a tin horse after him.

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed Dolly, rapturously.

But the boy drew back a little, saying—"Where's Bridget?"

"In a minute the nurse pounced upon him, and dragged him off, calling him 'a little torment, and a bad, naughty boy.'"

Mattie's first bread, rashly undertaken with Bridget's home-made yeast, was an utter failure, and the baby clung obstinately to Joanna in spite of Dolly's blandishments, while Mrs. Lattimer, knowing nothing of housekeeping herself, had not a particle of patience with ignorance in others, and clung to her deep persuasion that nothing but the most vigorous putting down could ever keep those girls from disagreeable assumption. But long before the end of the month Dolly reigned sweet and serene in the nursery, where her nurse's cap without an uncomfortable thought, and drank in the delight from the shaded park, with its flowers and birds and fountains, as unconscious of bitter servitude as the children she loved and guarded.

"As for Mattie," Mrs. Lattimer confessed to her brother, "she's simply invaluable, and I shall never be able to endure an ordinary servant again, but if she hadn't known her mind better than I did mine we should have parted the very first week. There's one blessed thing your old Journal has done for the labor question, and if my ship ever comes in I'll endorse the paper out of gratitude."

"Ah, I always felt that I was born to be a benefactor," said the editor. "Your ship would have come in long ago if you had culled me for a pilot."

"And which one did he marry?" asked the saucy girl at my elbow.

"Neither of them, my dear. Pretty Dolly, in the course of time, went back to Hingham, and married a farmer's boy, who had worked his way through college, and was not ashamed of his wife for having made her way in the same fashion; and Mattie, for aught I know, is a middle-aged and respectable old maid, living on her savings, and educating heathen in Africa. For this story has nothing to do with marrying or giving in marriage, but with the fact that a good many ships that are continually at sea might come prosperously in, if they would only join company with each other, without regarding the fact that one might be a merchant vessel, and the other simply a lugger.—Congregationalist.

GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM.

"We shall have a visit from the Indians before night," remarked my grandmother, looking across the breakfast table at grandfather.

"Well, I hope we shall," replied grandfather, a little doggedly. "You are eternally predicting an Indian raid, and just to please you I hope we shall get a call from at least a hundred."

"Look out, Peter Barnes! You may have cause to regret that speech before you are half a day older. I dreamed last night just how they came, what they did, what we did, and it makes my blood run cold to think of it."

Grandfather made no reply, realizing that she always had the better of him in argument, and the meal was finished in silence.

A year before, my relatives, both of whom were nearly fifty years old, but strong and hearty, sold out their farm in Ohio and located in western Kansas. Their children were all married off, and the old couple were entirely alone. They had a good farm, and had already made many improvements.

The location was not thought to be as dangerous one, although a few miles below the last hamlet in that section and three miles in advance of the location of the previous settler. The Indians had raided this part of the country the year before, but the soldiers had given them a severe rebuke, and it was not believed that they would venture back again. Grandfather was certain that he would not be interrupted in his peaceful pursuits, and was annoyed that grandmother should croak of evil.

More because it was the custom than from any idea that he would ever have use for it, grandfather kept a rifle in the house, and one day when a settler who was owing him money and could not pay, brought a revolver to him as the only offer he could offer, grandfather took it and laid it on the shelf.

In her young days grandmother had been an emphatic "romp." She could skate, play ball, pitch quoits, ride at a gallop, shoot a rifle, and even to the day she was married went by the name of "Balley's Tomboy,"

yet, after all, she made a good wife, and was the "making" of Peter Barnes.

She stood in the door that morning and watched Peter bring his horses and plow and drive off through the fields to his work half a mile away. Then she looked to the west, back at the sun, and went in and took the rifle down from its hooks. It had been loaded for months, and she drew the bullet, carefully wiped the barrel, and loaded the weapon again as nicely as a hunter could have done it. Placing it in a corner, she went to an old chest, fished out powder, lead, caps and bullet molds, and soon had fifteen or twenty shining bullets on the table. Then the revolver was got down, cleaned up, loaded, and finally the woman went to the door to look for her husband.

She could see him following the plow in the distant field, and the happy songs of the birds were anything but harbingers of a coming affray, in which more than one of those shining bullets would find a human target.

"Peter Barnes, you are an idiot!" spoke the woman, watching him from the door. "I don't want him to come to a hair of your head, but you will get a fearful lesson before noon this day!"

The arms being in good order, the woman shut the door, nailed it up, and then nailed boards over the windows on the inside. The south door fastened with a bar and she was satisfied with its strength. She went to the spring, filled two pails with water, picked up and carried in the ax, and then cleared the table of dishes, not stopping to wash them. Then she sat down in the south doorway and waited—waited for the Indian attack which she had dreamed of and predicted.

An hour passed and she had not changed her position. Half an hour more wore away, and then she suddenly leaped up and seized her rifle. She had seen the horses stop and began to rear and plunge as they came near the south end of the field, which was bordered by the forest. She saw her husband pulling them and using the whip, but in a moment more the horses dashed off at full speed. Just as they started, grandmother heard a faint "Yi! yi!" and the next moment caught sight of a score of savages as they dashed out of the woods and made for her husband.

"Just exactly as I dreamed," she whispered to herself, lifting the rifle clear of the floor.

Grandfather caught sight of the redskins as soon as they broke cover, and he wheeled and made for the house at his best pace. For a few rods he held his own, but then his fifty years began to tell on him. They were thirty yards behind him at the start, but before half the distance to the house had been traversed they were not ten yards behind.

"Run, father! run for your life!" shouted grandmother, waving her hand to him; and he did his best.

But the old man did not have it in him. He was within rifle-shot of the door when the redskins bore him down to the grass, in plain sight of his wife. Five or six of them halted to take care of the prisoner, and the rest, whooping and yelling, made for the house. Grandmother stood square in the door, and the rifle was slowly lifted.

When the foremost savage was twenty rods away, out on a line with the barrel, there was a quick report and the Indian fell forward on the grass. Then she stepped back, closed the door, and the next moment the shouting demons jumped against it. The door stood like a rock. Baffled and disappointed, the Indians hacked at the boards with their tomahawks, as if to hew their way in. Striking away, one of the blows fell on a knot in the plank, and the knot fell at the woman's feet, while a hole as large as a man's fist was left in the door. Encouraged by this, the Indians were chopping away, when grandmother seized the revolver, took swift aim, and a horrible yell mingled with the report. The Indians then fell back to where they had left their prisoner, and were out of range.

The Indians understood sufficient of the speech to know that the woman did not propose to surrender, and they gathered around the prisoner and held a consultation. At length, leaving two of their number to guard him, the others, fifteen in all, made a detour and collected on the north side of the house. They had no arrows to fire the house from a distance, but gathered brush and piled it against the north door to force the woman to come out.

She had no loopholes on that side, but going up stairs she softly removed a strip of "chinking" from between two of the logs, thrust through the hand holding the revolver, and shooting by guess badly wounded one of the savages.

With a great whooping and yelling the rescuers drew out of range and held another consultation. In a few minutes they all appeared on the south side, gathered around grandfather, and directly struck a course for the woods from which they first issued, grandfather being led along behind. The woman watched them with the greatest anxiety, believing that they had abandoned the siege and that she should never see her husband again.

She watched and waited for about half an hour and was just thinking of opening the door when a faint whooping reached her from the woods. A moment afterwards grandfather came flying across the fields, waving his hand to her as soon as leaving the woods. Two or three minutes later the Indians burst out of the woods in full cry, but were forty rods behind the fugitive.

Grandmother realized that an escape had been made, and she laid down the revolver and stood ready to open the door. As the fugitive got within twenty rods, being then thirty rods ahead of pursuit, she began to unbolt the door. She had only touched it, when someone leaped against it, not one but four or five. Finding it fast, the savages, for they were, set up a howl of rage and retreated out of range. Grandfather was standing still about fifteen rods from the door, and the woman did not have to look twice to see into the game. One of the Indians had donned the prisoner's clothing, jammed the familiar hat over his forehead, and the pursuit was all a sham. Before he had left the woods, four or five Indians had made a detour and softly approached the house, so as to be ready to leap in when the door came down from the door. It was not,

grandmother's wit, but their own haste in leaping out, which had prevented the capture of the house and her death.

The savages then tried another plan. They brought the old man out of the woods naked, except his shirt, tied him to a wild plum tree just out of rifle-range of the house, and then set about maltreating him, hoping to work on the woman's sympathies. Grandmother could see every movement made, and she was nearly crazed to see them assault the old man with knives and clubs. They pricked him until he was covered with blood, though not seriously wounded in any spot, and cutting a number of switches from the hazel bushes, they whipped him until they were tired of the sport. The old man groaned a little, but they could not make him cry out, as they had hoped to do; and in his heart he hoped that grandmother would not be imprudent enough to attempt interference. Her heart, big with sympathy and distress, and her eyes full of tears, the woman allowed the savages to get ahead of her.

Several of them moved back out of the range of the knot hole, skulked around to the north side of the cabin, and grandmother's first intuition of their presence was when she heard the crackling of fumes in the brush which they had previously piled against the north door. As soon as the flames were lighted the savages drew off a few rods and commenced shooting at the spot over the door where she had pulled out the chinking to shoot at them before. Notwithstanding the whistling of the balls, which every moment came through into the garret, the woman mounted the ladder with a pail of water, dashed the contents out through the crevice, and mere accident guided the dash so that the flames were drowned out.

Grandfather had his arms tied behind him, and after a few minutes walked out a few feet in advance of his captors. He looked at the house, then looked back, and refused to obey the command given him. The Indians advanced, drew their tomahawks, and then the captive shouted:

"Nancy! Nancy! unbear the door, leave the rifle in the house and come out here. They won't hurt you!"

The wife heard every word of it, and the trembling tones of the old man's voice made her heart ache. But she knew that the Indians had forced him to make the appeal and that it was only a ruse for them to get another prisoner. She made no reply, and directly the red skins forced the old man to speak again.

"Nancy!" he called, "the Indians say if you don't come out they will murder me right here."

It was the hardest struggle of her long life, but grandmother realized that both would certainly be murdered if she complied, and if she held out there was hope that help might come from immigrants or hunters before night. Tears came to her eyes, and she could not choke down her sobs as she thought of her husband's fate; but she was determined to resist to the last. As she did not reply, one of the Indians, who could speak English quite well, stepped out and shouted:

"Come, hurry up, quick. You no come out we kill old man!"

"Peter Barnes," shouted grandmother, her mouth at the knot hole, "I know that you don't want me to come out, and I shall not come! I have the rifle and the revolver, and I shall defend the house to the last! Be on your watch for a chance to break away and run to the house."

Two hours had passed since the first appearance of the Indians; grandmother had killed one and wounded others, and such a firing and yelling had been kept up that the redskins were fearful that help might come to the woman, and therefore they withdrew. She counted them as they went away to be sure that none were left behind. They took the dead one on their shoulders, and the wounded were assisted along, each between two of his companions. They entered the woods, and after an hour had passed without their reappearance, grandmother realized that all danger to her was over. She opened the door, took a scout around her house, and then her eye fell upon the horses. The animals had made a long run when first taking flight, going across the fields for a mile or more, and were now coming toward the house dragging a portion of the plow after them. In ten minutes the woman was galloping toward the nearest settlement, carrying both rifle and revolver. A ride of an hour brought her to the hamlet, and seven or eight men quickly mounted their horses and returned with her. The cabin had not been disturbed, and leaving their horses there the men, headed by the anxious and tireless woman, took up the trail of the Indians. Following it for an hour, nearly always on the run, they suddenly heard the report of rifles, followed by whoops and yells.

Two bachelors named Turner, had a cabin and a farm in the direction of the shots, and the pursuers realized that the Indians had attacked them. They were hurrying to the rescue, grandmother leading, rifle in hand, when she suddenly gave a sign of warning, and all sank down. She had caught sight of grandfather and his two guards. Through the sparse timber the men could see grandfather bound to a tree and his guards standing near by, but their faces were turned in the direction of the battle which was raging beyond.

Like so many tigers the pursuers crept forward, and only halted when within eight or ten rods of the captive. They silently arranged for a volley which should rattle the bodies of the guards, and would have delivered it in a moment more, but for grandfather. He caught sight of them, and his joy was so great that he could not repress a loud shout. The Indians turned on hearing it, and also catching sight of the pursuers, gave a yell and darted away. A volley was fired as they fled, and the one behind made a great leap into the air and fell over a log, four or five bullets having struck him in the head.

The other one ran directly for his companions, and his news raised the siege of the Turner cabin in a moment. Finding that a revengeful foe was on their trail, the Indians made all haste out of the neighborhood and could not be overtaken.

Grandfather was like a child when released. He laughed and cried by turns, threw his arms around grandmother, shook hands with all the men and asked like one gone crazy. He had been cruelly used by the red rascals, and was so weak when he attempted

to start homeward that the men had to carry him most of the way. The couple were not a week getting out of the State, going back to their old home; and in time grandfather recovered and was about again. But to the day of his death, when grandmother took occasion at the breakfast table to say she had dreamed of this or that, he never again charged her with being whimsical, or expressed a desire to see her midnight visions fulfilled.—Ballou's Monthly.

An Arizona Dead Shot.

Although there is a great deal of lying done about southwestern marksmanship," said an Arizona man to a New York World reporter, "there is no doubt that there are people in our country who can come about as near putting a revolver bullet where they want to, in a reasonable range, as you could do it with your fingers. One of the deadest shots in Arizona is Jim Tarleton, and I'll tell you what I saw him do on one occasion. He had bad blood with an Irishman named O'Hara, a desperado, and the two men had promised faithfully to kill each other on sight. Tarleton was standing in front of a saloon, when O'Hara rode up and blazed away at him, cutting his left ear. Tarleton drew and fired almost simultaneously, putting a ball through O'Hara's right hand, backing his pistol stock at the same time. Tarleton's next bullet, fired with great deliberation, broke the back of O'Hara's horse, which fell, carrying the rider down with it. Tarleton stepped over to where his enemy lay and stood over him, with his revolver pointing straight at the prostrate man's forehead for about a minute, although it seemed so, who were looking on, like a head on a pin, and then he looked around, and seeing a lion about twenty steps away, he drew a bead on it, blazed away and shot it through the head. Without saying a word, he put his pistol away and walked back into the saloon. O'Hara got up after a struggle and followed him into the bar-room, where the two men shook hands. They were afterwards almost inseparable friends."

Sociability and Drinks.

Colonel "Fred" Kussinger tells a good story of Mr. Perry, an old southern gentleman, who died several years ago back of Covington, Mr. Perry was an exceedingly polite gentleman. He would go out of his way any time to avoid offending a neighbor or a friend. One day a neighbor met him on the street with:

"Hello, Mr. Perry. I was just going to get a drink. Come in and have something."

"Thank you, Mr. — I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable and all that I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and silently walked in the direction in which Mr. Perry was traveling.

Presently the pair drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with:

"Mr. — I'm not feeling well at all today, and I think I'll go in this drug store and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What is a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"Now, I hate the stuff," saying which a child went over the man as visible in his efforts to Mr. Perry as if the agent had seized him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused when Mr. Perry said: "Your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I've as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in Covington, and Mr. Perry was never invited to drink again.

The Minister and the Boys.

In a Kansas town one of the churches gave an ice cream and strawberry festival, the price of admission to which was a dime; but the idea covered the privilege of a plate of ice cream in addition to the admission. The idea in charging an admission fee was to exclude certain boys, who might, possibly be rude, and who were not likely to have money enough in their pockets to make them large purchasers. Several boys hung around the door begging for admission without pay, but were refused. An elderly clergyman who happened to see the refusal, quickly handed two of the boys a dime each, and told them to go in and be happy. Presenting their dimes at the door, the boys were surprised to be refused again. The doorkeeper gruffly remarked: "G'way, boys, g'way; we don't want no boys here."

The elderly clergyman, who is fond of a quiet bit of fun, then collected all the boys he could find in the immediate neighborhood of the church. They numbered seven in all, including the two originals. Several of them were barefoot, and none of them wore full dress suits. Being well known to the people of the church, the old clergyman thought he had a right to invite such guests as he pleased to the festival. So he marched the boys in and paid their fare. The doorkeeper snarled as politely as he could and said: "We don't admit boys, sir."

Said the clergyman: "These boys are my guests; you will admit them, if you admit me

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| Chicago and St. Louis..... | 8.30 pm | .50 | Ar. 10:15 |
| Canada Division | | | |
| Buffalo and Toronto Trains..... | going east. | Ar. from | Ar. from |
| Accommodation..... | 5.00 am | \$2.00 | Ar. 7:00 |
| Atlantic & Pacific Exp..... | 6.10 am | 3.40 | Ar. 9:40 |
| St. Louis and N. Y. Ex..... | 10.05 pm | 3.50 | Ar. 12:15 |
| Special New York Express..... | 10.05 pm | 3.50 | Ar. 12:15 |
| Limited Express..... | 10.05 pm | 3.00 | Ar. 12:15 |
| *Daily. *Except Sunday. *Except Saturdays. | | | |
| CHAS. A. WARREN, | O. W. RUGGLES, | | |
| City, 137, & T. Apt. | Gen'l P. & T. Apt. | | |
| No. 2087, Detroit. | Chicago, Ill. | | |

Lake Shore & Mch. Southern R.R.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------|----------|
| Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago | Depart. | Ar. via |
| Cleveland & Cincinnati Express..... | 7:30 am | 5:40 pm |
| Chicago & Cleveland Express..... | 10:10 pm | 10:10 pm |
| Nat'l Express..... | 6:10 pm | 10:10 pm |

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee

Depot foot of Brush Street. Trains run by Central Standard Time. In effect May 1, 1908.

| | Depart. | Arrive. |
|----------------------------|----------|----------|
| "Morning Express....." | 7:15-00 | 7:15-00 |
| "Through Mail....." | 10:30 -a | 7:30 -p |
| "Steamboat Express....." | 4:30 -p | 6:40 -p |
| "Chicago Ex-w/stop....." | 1:30 -p | 7:30 -p |
| "Night Ex-w/ sleeper....." | 10:55 -p | 11:40 -p |

= Daily, Sundays excepted. = Daily.
Trains leave Detroit at 8:00 p.m. and arrive at 8:00 p.m. connect at Grand with trains on Chicago & North Western for Chicago, Grand Haven and has parlor car to Pullman sleeper and Buffet car.
Chicago express has Pullman sleeper and Buffet car.
Night express has sleeper to Grand Rapids daily.
Pullman sleeping car berth can be secured at G. T. Ticket Office, Corner Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, and at Depot foot of Brush Street.

General Manager, City P. & T. Agent,
Detroit. Detroit.

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